My journal entry for November 25, 2026.

More times than I can count, I am moved by reading anything that Maria Valtorta has written. It doesn't matter who is seen, quoted, or commented upon. Also, I cannot predict whether I will be moved or in what way. All I know is that if I don't read, I am left empty, even starving. Below is a short entry Maria made eighty-two years ago, and the first paragraph of "Jesus says" could describe me.

I recall words from the Jesus in one of the Gospels: *Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.* How true, for men who were wrecks, but now alive.

I am *Anonymous*

The Notebooks 1944
September 28
Jesus says:

"Write this alone. There is a person very dear to both Me and you who lives with you, who must give you -- not Me, who know, with no need to measure anything -- the measure of the resonance in spirits of my words and works of mercy, for which you are the means of dissemination. You see that this creature is rising day by day towards the light, like earth emerging from a seabed, and is slowly climbing towards the sun, becoming a luminous, florid mountain. Oh, how much we have given to this person dear to us! What a treasure for her life! What friendship! What comfort! Well then, you see that the pages of the Gospel, which have come alive through vision, are the ones that stir her most.

"So it is with many. Be *very happy*, then, to see and *tireless in describing*. You bring Me to be loved and lead to a desire for Me, Master and Light. The learned, a minority, want the loftiest things. The curious, with impure intentions, desire explanations of future mysteries and times to come. I have no mercy for them. And for the former I have much less than for the 'small ones' in my

flock. For them I am always the One who says, 'I take pity on these multitudes,' and I give them the bread of my Word and Life.

"My blessing for Paola and for you."

I was busy with not very mystical work: I was preparing vegetables for a meal and did not have paper. Jesus ordered, "Write." I at once left the vegetables in the lurch and took the scrap of paper I had -- just one.

Jesus' words bring joy to my heart as a relative and as Jesus' instrument. And they give strength to my poor being, which, physically, cannot endure any more and suffers so much on writing that…it thinks it can no longer continue.

But if what my exertion in describing does for Paola is to be done for many, then let the visions come, even by the hundreds, and let me be consumed, even before the probable hour, because of the great effort. Even if I die with the pen in my hand. A good soldier dies in battle, and a martyr, in the arena. I, who want to be in Christ's militia and a martyr of his love, want to die in my battle and in my arena: out of love and by way of toil. And may God be praised and grace be given to souls. For me, mercy.